

BUY YOUR  
PRESENTS NOW AND  
HAVE THEM  
LAIN ASIDE FOR  
XMAS.

BUY YOUR  
PRESENTS NOW AND  
HAVE THEM  
LAIN ASIDE FOR  
XMAS.

## BERK

193 S. Howard St.

### On My Trip In the East

I picked up for Spot Cash a lot of bargains in absolutely new and first-class Jewelry, from the best and oldest manufacturers, including all kinds of Diamond Jewelry. These goods I want to sell to Akron people at prices heretofore unheard of. I want you to see them—to buy them if they are bargains.

Come In and Look---Twill Cost You Nothing.

These goods are absolutely guaranteed to be just as represented. They sell for 25 to 50 per cent less than regular dealers charge.

Sterling Silver Bracelet—925-100th fine, sold the world over for \$3—Berk's price only 95c.



Perfect Blue White Diamond—The best stone from Africa's mines, worth \$35, ring or stud mounting, Berk's price only \$23.



Perfect Blue White Stone—First quality, worth \$65, ring or stud mounting, Berk's price only \$48.



This elegant 20-year gold filled case, guaranteed perfect blue white stone, guaranteed in every respect, worth \$25, Berk's price only

\$11.50

Elegant gents' silk fob chains, with charms, all kinds, fully guaranteed, 100 styles to select from—Berk's price only

49c

Unredeemed Opera Glasses, extra nice line to select from, \$1.25 to \$3.48. Money to loan in any amount.

### THE WITCH'S CURSE.

A GLOOMY OLD LEGEND OF THE TOWN OF BUCKSPORT, ME.

The Impressions and Prophecy as the Condemned Woman on the Scaffold Recalled by a Strange Dream on Col. Buck's Tombstone.

Close by the country road on the outskirts of the sleepy old seaport town of Bucksport, on the Penobscot, down in Maine, is a small family cemetery. Within the inclosure, with its high iron fence, in the quiet and almost gloomy shade, sleep the Bucks, the blue-blooded and aristocratic clan which first settled the town and bequeathed it their name—and a legend.

Of the many moss grown tablets and monuments the largest and most conspicuous is a tall granite shaft in plain sight of the highway. On one side is the inscription:

COL. JOHN BUCK.

The Founder of Bucksport.

A. D. 1702.

Born in Haverhill, Mass., 1718.

Died March 18, 1793.

On the other side is the single word "Buck," and also something not wrought by the marble worker. On the smooth surface of the pedestal is a curious outline, irregular and describing that which can easily be imagined to be the form of a foot of normal size. Some people say that it is a foot, but those are the superstitious town folk who believe the legend which has been choice stock in Bucksport for many years.

They that delight in perpetuating this story say that Colonel Jonathan Buck was a very stern and harsh man and the leading spirit of his day and generation. His word was law in the community. He was the highest in civil authority and his decision as immutable as the granite hills that loom up in the haze of the northern horizon.

He was most Puritanical, and to him witchcraft was the incarnation of blasphemy. Thus, so the story goes, when a certain woman was accused of witchcraft, at the first clamorings of the populace Colonel Buck ordered her to be imprisoned, and later, after a mere form of a hearing, she was sentenced to be executed as a witch. She pleaded to Buck for her life, but as to a heart of stone.

The day of the execution came and the condemned woman went to the gallows cursing her judge with such terrible imprecations that the people shuddered, but the magistrate stood unmoved and made a sign to the officers to hasten the arrangements. All was ready and the hangman was about to perform his grisly duty when the woman turned to Colonel Buck and raising one hand to heaven as if to direct her last words on earth pronounced this astounding prophecy:

"Jonathan Buck, listen to these words, the last my tongue shall utter. It is the spirit of the only true and living God which bids me speak them to you. You will soon die. Over your grave you will erect a stone, that all may know where your bones are crumbling into dust. But listen! Upon that stone the imprint of my feet will appear, and for all time, long after your accursed race has perished from the face of the earth, will the people from far and near know that you murdered a woman. Remember well, Jonathan Buck, remember well!"

Then she turned to her executioners

and another act, one of the forever ineffaceable blots, was made a part of American colonial history.

The "witch's curse," as it was called, and is to this day, was almost forgotten until many years afterward, when the monument was erected to the memory of Bucksport's founder. It had been in position hardly a month when a faint outline was discovered upon it. This gradually grew more and more distinct until some one made the startling discovery that it was the outline of a foot which some supernatural draftsman had traced on the granite. The old legend was revived and the Buck cemetery was for years the Mecca of the superstitious and curious for miles around.

The "witch's curse" had been fulfilled, they said. An attempt was made to remove the stain, but all efforts tended only to bring the outline out in bolder relief. The stain or whatever it was seemed to penetrate to the very center of the stone.

The hinges of the big gate have creaked for the last time to admit a Buck. The last of the race has been laid to rest beneath the oaks and maples, and the setting sun throws the shadow of the once mighty Colonel Jonathan Buck's monument athwart the double row of mossy mounds, as if still exerting his authority, and the same rays light that mysterious tracing held up to the view of all that pass and repays along the dusty turnpike.

The imprint of the foot is a fact, and is there today as plain as ever. The legend of the "witch's curse" may or may not be a fact. The fanciful legend, but the practical point out the apparent discrepancy between the date of the era of witchcraft persecution and the regime of Colonel Buck. They say that the stain is simply an accidental fault in the granite, and that the legend was made to fit the foot and not the foot the legend. But the foot is there.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### LOCKED IN.

On the 5th of November, 1793 a day marked in Essex, England, by riot and confusion, Miss E., a lady of that city, went to pay an evening visit to the bishop's family at the palace. She remained rather later than usual, and felt uneasy at the thought of returning home on foot through the streets, which were crowded with drunken people discharging fireworks and behaving riotously. She therefore requested that a servant might be sent to let her pass through the cathedral by a private passage which was always left open until a late hour, thinking that she could cross the aisle into a lane and thus avoid the annoyance she so much dreaded.

The servant attended her to the entrance and returned. The great clock chimed 10 o'clock as she passed hastily to the opposite door, which she was starting to see closed, still more so to find it barred and locked.

She proceeded to the gates which closed the side aisle from the opposite choir; they were also fastened, and she saw dimly the perspective of the cathedral unoccupied by any human being. The servants, eager to enjoy their share of the night's festivity, had shut up the church unusually early. Terrified at her unpleasant situation, Miss E. hastened back to the bishop's private door with the feeble hope that the servant might still be within hearing, but though she made great efforts to call attention, they were fruitless, and, indeed, a moment's reflection upon the long suit of unused and empty apartments which she had passed through convinced her that all expectation of assistance from that quarter was in vain. After an interval of doubt, terror and distress she seated herself opposite the door and endeavored to compose herself to endure with fortitude what was unavoidable, looking for protection to that Being in whose peculiar abode she was detained, though against her will.

The night grew darker and she had reasoned herself into tolerable composure to meet its gloom, when the moon, rising, threw its brilliant beams down through the roof of the building, and, as they stole along the aisle, she started at the reflection on the sculptured tombs of mailed chiefs long wrapped in the oblivion of the grave, and, agitated as her nerves were, she could not avoid admiring the beautiful and magical effect of the light and shade.

But as she was gazing listlessly at the shades upon the wall she was startled as she traced in one the resemblance to a human form. Her eyes were riveted upon it, and, gazing on it with horror, she plainly saw the shadow of a face extending its jaws in the act of yawning. She looked—thought it an illusion; but, no, the form was there, and in the moonlight it appeared to rise slowly from a tomb in the opposite aisle. While this amazing and frightful spectacle fascinated her, she saw the shadow of a face rendered its profile visible the moon sank suddenly behind a cloud, and again all was darkness. She endeavored to steady her mind and examine how she might have been deceived—perhaps it was a face reflected from a mirror, but the exertion of yawning confuted that idea and made her willing to ascribe the whole to the powerful workings of her agitated imagination.

She had now been confined some hours, and her distress had somewhat abated when she was thrown into alarm by distinctly hearing loud breathing, then footsteps at the end of the aisle in which she sat. The darkness was unbroken. Agitated to the highest pitch of terror, riveted to her seat, deprived of the power of speech, her senses only retaining to point out more acutely the horrors of her situation.

A very light echo brought the footsteps nearer, and the equal pace of the being who walked through the aisle and its gradual approach led her to fear that her presence must prove to form her eyes vainly sought to behold.

After enduring some minutes' agony (which she would hardly suffer again to purchase existence) a hand was placed upon her head, and at the same moment a light shone upon her face. It was the lunatic of Exeter who, as was afterward discovered, would use every means to remain in the cathedral and sleep among the tombs. Her mind, wrought so highly, relaxed at once, and, being relieved from her fears, she calmly noted that she was indeed to think lightly of her lonely state, although she knew herself to be in the power of a being who had often committed very serious outrages.

Controlling her feelings as best she could she talked to and soothed the hapless maniac.

Soon after the door from the bishop's palace opened and servants entered with lights, calling Miss E. Great was their surprise to find her sitting by a man, an inmate of Exeter who, as was afterward discovered, would use every means to remain in the cathedral and sleep among the tombs. Her mind, wrought so highly, relaxed at once, and, being relieved from her fears, she calmly noted that she was indeed to think lightly of her lonely state, although she knew herself to be in the power of a being who had often committed very serious outrages.

Miss E.'s servant had called for her at the given time and was told the man was gone home. Returning and not finding her there, he conjectured she had called upon some friend, and expected her until it became so very late that he was alarmed, and again went to the palace, which caused the search to be made that revealed her from her fearful situation.—New York News.

humble servant was ready to lose and go bankrupt, my doctored rang at all hours, and my "friends" were numerous. They would willingly sit up with me all night and sometimes remain to breakfast. You never saw so sacrificing a lot of fine fellows—sacrificing me!

One night a good many years ago I sat up late thinking about the poker business. It was real hard thinking too. I had been lifted out by "friends," hung up by "friends" and had "friends" to come up when in my debt to "play it off." A case of beer in a sitting was nothing. A box of cigars was merely a puff. I rage now when I think of what was wasted on the cannibal that "worked" me. Reason returned. I tore up every card I had, cast out my chips and said, "No more poker!" From that day to this I have not touched a card. I am happy in forgetting the nightmare of draw. But no one of the old gang comes near me now. Nothing is to be made at my table. I cannot be skinned; therefore they have no use for me. They have found pastures new.

A few old friends who did not come around when we had poker have come back to visit me since I had the sense to quit it. They are not on the make, as the phrase goes. They come to talk and swap lies and have a sensible, quiet, gossiping, scandalizing time. I am an older man than I was thirty years ago. There are other old fools who passed the meridian before they learned that they couldn't play poker. If I could have won every night, I wouldn't have cared for the loss of my "friends," but to lose them and my money, too, was what brought me around. I grabbed to win. So does every honest man. He is not gambling to lose. When one says, "Oh, well, I don't want to win your money," he lies. Tell him so in his teeth.—New York Press.

### Paris Automobile Crazy.

A Philadelphia man, according to The Record, who has just returned from Paris, which is automobile crazy, says that the cost of maintaining one would bankrupt the ordinary citizen. "There are plenty to choose from," he remarked, "with steam, gasoline, petroleum or electric motors. These range in price from \$300 for a motor cycle to \$3,000 for heavy rigs suitable for carrying four persons and a driver. While in Paris I busied myself to the extent of finding out how much it cost to operate one of these carriages. For a year it is about as follows: Gasoline, \$8.50; lubricating oil, \$5.45; repairs to carriage, \$102.50; repairs to machinery, \$185; repairs to tires, \$27.50; sundries, \$61.80; depreciation, \$150; tax, \$50; servant, \$200. That makes a total of \$872.75. Remember, this is for Paris, where my calculations are based upon the actual experiences of a friend of mine. But they can't vary much in this country."

### The Kind of Store He Wanted.

A gentleman from one of the towns north of Somerset came to town one day last week to buy a store. At one of the stores he found what he wanted. It was standing on a lot of ground on which sample stores are moved about the store. The man bought the store and ordered it shipped to his home. On Monday the dealer received a letter from the customer in which the latter said: "The store you sold me was on wheels. The one I received is not. I will ship it back." The buyer probably had heard of and wanted a store like that invented by the man who had to "get up and make the fire," one that, with a rope, could be drawn up to the bed and be lighted.—Somerset (Pa.) Standard.

### Where Everything Grows.

The tuberoses flourish amazingly in the open air in the Transvaal with but the smallest attention and cultivation. The bulbs shoot up their three or four foot stems, each bearing very sweet smelling flowers, in an incredibly short space of time.

In Pretoria roses are prolific—in fact, most of the streets are bounded by rose hedges throughout their length, and they bloom with a frail pink monthly rose blossom for three quarters of the year. In public places, such as the Burgers' park, the profusion of roses, lilies, carnations and tuberoses is bewilderingly beautiful.

The wild orchids of Swaziland are famous. They are of at least 20 different kinds. They are extremely curious, and with a little care and extra heat they can be induced to develop into very wonderful plants.

Everything grows in the Transvaal if the trouble is taken to plant it. The soil being all virgin and naturally rich, the very smallest amount of attention is required.

### Thrift.

"Speaking of Thrift," said the prominent clergyman, "I remember one man who was as good an example of shrewdness as I have ever seen. It was when I began preaching that I met him. I was young and struggling, my salary was small, and the man was a member of my church. He used to do work on a scroll saw, and one of his specialties was a sort of plant stand with two shelves and with scroll work ornamentation. Two or three times he tried to sell me one, but as I had no need or use for it I told him no.

"The time for the annual donation party drew near, when everything that was given counted toward that limited salary. I was not altogether pleased, therefore, when the man with a plant stand appeared at the door.

"Here, parson," he said, "is a plant stand. It's worth \$10, and I'd like to give \$5 of it toward your donation."

"There was no way out of it. I gave him the other \$5."—New York Sun.

## Christmas Neckwear

By the hundreds 25c to 50c.

### MUFFLERS

In all styles by the hundreds, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00

### Hats and Caps

By the hundreds, 25c, 50c, 75c \$1 and up to \$3

### Handkerchiefs

By the hundreds, 10c, 15c, 25c, 50, 75c to \$1.00

WE HAVE EVERYTHING FOR

### Christmas Presents

M. LOUER, One-Price Clothier and Outfitter, 110-112 E. Market st.

J. W. LITTLE, 126 S. Main st.

BEGINNING SATURDAY, tomorrow, we will sell our entire stock, consisting of Ladies' Furnishings, Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles, etc., etc., at a big sacrifice. You will find many things here that will make nice Christmas presents, at prices you can't afford to miss. Millinery at less than one-half price.

J. W. LITTLE 124 S. Main st., Akron, O.

## JIMMY STEERS' WIFE

Jimmy Steers was in luck. A gentleman had given him 10 cents for holding a horse.

"I dunno whether ter go in for a good blowout or hart a quire of evenin' papers," he was thinking, when his attention was drawn to a little girl, a year or two younger than himself—Jimmy was 9—sitting in a quiet but pitiable manner outside a cookshop.

"Hello," said Jimmy. "Who's been punchin' you?"

"Nobdy. I'm only hungry," she sobbed.

"What's yer nam'?"

"Alice."

Jimmy turned the 10 cents over several times.

"I'm goin' ter have a blowout," he suddenly said. "Come along, Alice."

The hungry mite needed no second invitation. Soon she was sitting before a plate heaped up with pudding.

"Where do you live?" asked Alice.

"Oh, anywhere," was the careless reply. "There's a doorway in Grecian lane I likes best when I haven't got no 'doss' money."

"Can you take me? I haven't got nowhere to sleep."

Next day Jimmy's fortune was no worse than usual, but he had two months to feed now, and the doorway in Grecian lane was again their resting place. This was the case for rather more than a week.

"It can't go on much longer," Jimmy said one night. "I've had lots of pals, but they've all been took. Policemen or school board or children's home or summat's had 'em all. I've been lucky, I have, but I know I'll be had some day; then we'll be parted, Alice."

The child nestled closer to him and rested her tousled little head on his ragged shoulder.

"I'd die if I was took away from you, Jimmy," she said. "Nobdy could part us if we was married. Mother used to tell father so when he said he'd run away. How does you get married, Jimmy?"

"Easy 'nough," Jimmy answered, with all the confidence of superior knowledge. "There's a church by Trafalgar square where folks get married 'most every day. I've sneaked in once or twice. They stands in front of some railins, and a man in a long white shirt reads summat out of a book. He's the marri-er, he is."

Soon after 10 o'clock next morning Jimmy and Alice stole into the church. Toward 11 a string of carriages drew up in front of the church.

"Come on, Alice!" Jimmy cried. "A marryin's best goin' ter begin."

And in the crowd, unnoticed by any of the officials, they stole into the church and toward the chancel, and, concealed by a pillar, waited hand in hand for the ceremony to begin.

Neither could understand the clergyman's opening words; but he had no more reverent listeners than those two pathetic little figures. When he asked the question beginning, "Wilt thou have this woman," and the bridegroom answered "I will," Jimmy was caught napping, or perhaps he did not understand, but when it came the bride's turn to answer "I will" he was ready to prompt Alice.

"Say 'I will,'" he whispered.

"I will," answered Alice.

"Nobdy can part us now," said Alice as they descended the church steps, the ceremony over.

Twelve hours later Dr. Barnett, the well-known philanthropist, passed through Grecian lane, accompanied by the superintendent of one of his homes and a police sergeant and followed at a little distance by a closed carriage. They were engaged in rescue work. From time to time the officer dashed his bullseye on a doorway or entry.

Suddenly he stopped. It was before Jimmy's temporary home.

"Here are two, doctor!" he exclaimed.

More than 14 years had passed. A burly young blackwoodsman, sunburned, hard as nails, to judge by his appearance, was walking down Montauk street, Quebec, studying the numbers and tradesmen's names as he went. Presently he pulled out a letter and read it. It was dated from London:

My dear James—I have much pleasure in informing you that Alice Graham went to Canada, with 24 other girls, in May last. Her address is care of Mr. Le Croix, 101 Montauk street, Quebec. I am very glad to hear you are doing so well, and I hope you will continue to prosper. Your sincere friend,

ROBERT BARNETT.

No. 101 proved to be a private house of considerable size. Jimmy rang. A neat maid opened the door.

"Can I see Mr. Le Croix?" he asked.

His reflections in the room into which he was shown were interrupted by the entrance of a young lady. A puzzled expression was on her oval, dimpled face and in her big black eyes.

"I think there's some mistake," she faltered. "I've called to see Alice Graham."

"I am Alice Graham."

"You must be another," he said sadly.

"The Alice Graham I want to see came from London."

"I come from London."

"I come from Dr. Barnett's home?"

"Yes."

Then I'm afraid the doctor has made an awful mistake. He sent me this letter, but there's something wrong somewhere."

The girl glanced at the address. Next instant her arms were round Jimmy's neck, the red rose in her hair was resting on his shoulder.

"You're Jimmy Steers," she cried—Jimmy, who married me in St. Martin's church years and years ago! And I didn't know you," she went on, laughing and almost crying by turns. "What can have you been thinking?"

And then she pushed him away at arm's length and looked him up and down. "Why, Jimmy, how you've grown! It's not surprising that I didn't know you. You're quite a big man!" And then she—kissed him.

About a year afterward Mrs. Le Croix lost her children's governess, Jimmy married another journey up from Halifax. This time he did not return alone.

—London Evening News.

### READ DEMOCRAT LINERS

## DAGUE BROS. & CO.

## Furs and Cloaks

We have some remarkable offerings in our Cloak Room for

### Xmas Time.

We will make it an object for you to buy before Xmas. MANY NOVELTIES IN THE FUR LINE With no fancy prices attached.

### NEW FUR JACKETS

And we want to say that we have already done a very excellent business in them.

### FUR CAPES, COLLARETTES and SCARFS

Plain or in combinations with other furs.

### MUFFS and CHILDREN'S SETS

Large varieties and pleasing prices.

### FINE CLOTH JACKETS and CAPES

Plain and fur trimmed, and a fine selection to select from.

## DAGUE BROS. & CO.



We Carry a Full Line of the Family of 40

Also Furnaces



The Jahant Furnace.

A Full Line of the Anti-Rust Tinware

Come and See It.

Granite Ware—The best made, all triple coated. Remember we carry only the BEST in every line and can and will guarantee them all.

## THE JAHANT CO.

166 S. Howard St., Sellers of Stoves and Furnaces.